She takes a sword, and runs at him behinde.

Seruant. Oh I am slaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to see some mischiefe on him, oh! *He dies.*

Corn. Least it see more, preuent it, out vilde Ielly,
Where is thy luster now?

Glost. All darke and comfortles, wheres my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the sparkes of nature, to quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was hee that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to pitty thee.

Glost. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abused,
Kinde Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiued a hurt, follow me Lady,
Turne out that eyelesse villaine, throw this slaue vpon
The dunghill, *Regan* I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednesse I do,
If this man come to good.

2. *Seruant.* If she liue long, and in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turne monsters.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old Earle, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogish madnesse
Allowes it selfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune
Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter,

Who's

Who's here, my father poorely
But that thy strange mutations
Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Gloster led by a

Old man. O my good Lord, I
fathers tenant this foureſcore—

Glost. Away, get thee away,
Thy comforts can do me no go
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alacke sir, you can

Glost. I haue no way, and the
I stumbled when I saw, full oft
Our meanes secure vs, and our
Proone our commodities; ah
The food of thy abused fathers
Might I but liue to see thee in
Ide say I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now, who's th

Edg. O Gods, who ist can say
I am worse then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*

Edg. And worse I may be yet
As long as we can say, this is th

Old man. Fellow where goe

Glost. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begg

Glost. He has some reason, el
In the last nights storme I such
Which made me thinke a man
Came then into my minde, and
Was then scarse friends with
As flyes are to'th wanton boy
They bit vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? b
foole to sorrow, angring it self

Glost. Is that the naked fell

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